

THE LION TAMER

Thomas Ország-Land

Around the rails, the circus crowd sits pale
to watch the beasts perform the tricks they loathe—
They hope that I, their tamer, may just fail.
But with my whip I will control them both.

I have outfaced the adulating crowd
and I have learned to ride the lions' rage—
My early quest for freedom had its shroud
in fame found here within the circus cage.

For freedom, I pursued the painted lights
(while others dreamed of flight in tame unrest)
in tearful longing past a thousand sights—
Within my trade, today I am the best

and watch the crowd behind its fearful mask
and watch the painted lights that will seduce—
The lions' foolish master, thus I ask
if there's still time to put my life to use.

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